



It was golden and splendid,  
That City of light;  
A vision suspended  
In deeps of the night;  
A region of wonder and glory, whose temples were marble and white.

I remember the season  
It dawn'd on my gaze;  
The mad time of unreason,  
The brain-numbing days  
When Winter, white-sheeted and ghastly, stalks onward to torture and craze.

More lovely than Zion  
It shone in the sky  
When the beams of Orion  
Beclouded my eye,  
Bringing sleep that was filled with dim mem'ries of moments obscure and gone by.

Its mansions were stately,  
With carvings made fair,  
Each rising sedately  
On terraces rare,  
And the gardens were fragrant and bright with strange miracles blossoming there.

The avenues lur'd me  
With vistas sublime;  
Tall arches assur'd me  
That once on a time  
I had wander'd in rapture beneath them, and bask'd in the Halcyon clime.

On the plazas were standing  
A sculptur'd array;  
Long bearded, commanding,  
Grave men in their day--

But one stood dismantled and broken, its bearded face battered away.

In that city effulgent

No mortal I saw,

But my fancy, indulgent

To memory's law,

Linger'd long on the forms in the plazas, and eyed their stone features with awe.

I fann'd the faint ember

That glow'd in my mind,

And strove to remember

The aeons behind;

To rove thro' infinity freely, and visit the past unconfin'd.

Then the horrible warning

Upon my soul sped

Like the ominous morning

That rises in red,

And in panic I flew from the knowledge of terrors forgotten and dead.

[image]

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